The Game

I can still remember it to this day. I remember sitting and pondering about the topic I had just been given, almost as if I was a coach preparing for a big game. First, I would pick the genre of my paper. It could be an essay, a letter, a memory, or any of the other options available. I could begin writing down random ideas or I could start from the beginning and edit as I go. Planning the game, the coach must consider which players would be best to start and which plays would be most effective. Together, both of us had the same goal: to be successful in the end. As I began drafting, my nerves got to me. I hoped I would get an A on the paper, but I wished I could be sure that would happen. I feel for those athletes, not knowing how the game is going to turn out, but only hoping for the best. While sketching my paper, I notice all the grammar mistakes I’m making. The incomplete sentences, misspelled words, and missing end marks must be corrected. I can imagine the coach deliberating the same things about his team when he looks up and sees they’re six points behind. During half time he explains to the team they must clean up their playing style. When the draft was complete, I began cleaning up my paper. As I was revising, the paper kept getting better and better. I still couldn’t be free form doubt about the A I would possibly receive, but the nerves had definitely exited my body. I knew the coach was proud of his players; they had done everything he had asked of them at halftime. I began and finished the final draft with confidence I would have an A after my paper was graded. I walked into my class and drew my paper out of my notebook. During the time that the bell rang, I would hear in my head the last buzzer going off at the game. In the same way my paper came together in the end; the team had come together and won the game.